THE GERMAN SIDE OF THE WAR

Story of the Films and Their Taking

THE pictures comprising these five reels of sensational War Films, depicting the German side of the war are indicative of the activities of Mr. Edwin F. Weigle, Chicago TRIBUNE'S Staff Photographer, on his second trip into the European war zones.

Shortly after Europe burst into flames, figuratively speaking, Mr. Weigle went to Belgium from where he brought back enough material, in the way of motion pictures, to give to this half of the world a vivid idea of what actually was going on across the water. Weigle's Belgian War Pictures caused wide comment.

These new TRIBUNE pictures, however, are even more vivid than those which Mr. Weigle obtained in Belgium. For on this second expedition the photographer knew what conditions were and went fully equipped. In his kit was a specially made war camera, the lens of which was constructed so as to bring events from a distance apparently to the foreground. Experts who have viewed these photographs declare them to be the most authentic and real war films ever taken. They actually bring the war activities of the vast Teuton armies right before your eyes.

(*Continued*)

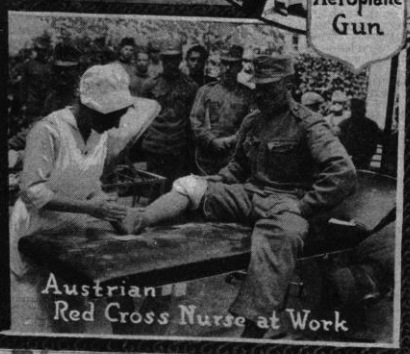
E. F. Weigle Tribune Photographer at the Front

Germans in Trench before Przemysl

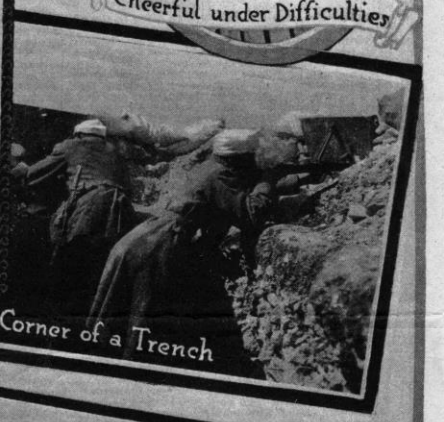
Operating Aeroplane Gun

Cheerful under Difficulties

Climbing the Tyrolean Alps



Austrian Red Cross Nurse at Work



A Corner of a Trench

Austrian Troops in Commanding Position

Austrian Infantry in Swamp Region

The German Side of the War

Story of the Films and Their Taking

(Continued)

Mr. Weigle obtained official permission to accompany the Austro-German armies on the condition that one-half the proceeds of the films be donated to the Blinded and Crippled Soldiers' Fund. He accompanied the mighty Teuton hosts into three distinct war theatres. On the East he went to Poland and Galicia. On the West he accompanied Austrian and German troops to the French border line. On the South he scaled the dizzy heights of the picturesque Tyrolean Alps, where German and Austrian troops were rushed to prevent the invading Italians from gaining foothold in the country.

Read carefully the following narrative in Mr. Weigle's own words, though it must be added that words are not adequate fully to describe these wonderful pictures which THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE is enabled to present.

BY EDWIN F. WEIGLE

I went first to Berlin where I found the streets literally crowded with soldiers going to the front. Berlin's chief thoroughfare, Unter Den Linden, was crowded with gray clad men in uniforms, marching to entrain for the war zone. Their relatives accompanied them in the march to the station and many pathetic scenes were enacted. Also I was particularly struck by the buoyant spirit of the men and the proud faces of those who accompanied them.

From Berlin I went to Doberitz which is a German prison camp not far away from the capital. At Doberitz I saw 30,000 English, French and Russian prisoners who are being used to cultivate the German fields. At Doberitz I was allowed to take many feet of motion pictures, a privilege which had been accorded to none before me.

In hope that I might get aboard a German submarine I left Doberitz and went to Hamburg. When I arrived there, I was struck by the wonderful market scenes presented. To me it seemed that in Hamburg alone was adequate food supply for many months. This I considered of much interest, inasmuch as the American press, from time to time had told of the food shortage in Germany. In Hamburg, too, I found a company of Red Cross workers being drilled in preparation for leaving for the front. Truly the German Red Cross is a wonderful machine.

My efforts to get aboard a German submarine proved unavailing, so I soon left Hamburg and went to Bremem where I found the streets filled with marching troops as in Berlin. In Bremen I found many soldiers who had been blinded in the war. These unfortunate men I found to be treated very courteously by the citizens of the town. These men presented pitiable spectacles. Many of them were young and must go through life sightless. I was told that many of the cases, perhaps, may be cured. Many of them, however, cannot be cured. In Bremen and in Lubech, where I went later, I found great preparations going on. At the latter place in one plant alone, I saw 300 soup wagons being loaded for the front. Actually it was hard to believe that operation on so stupendous a scale could be carried on.

I next moved with the German army to the French frontier. Crossing the border line into Peronne I encountered thousands of Germans actually going to the battle line. A corps of German motorcycle couriers passed me on their way to the front. I reached the battle field, which I found to be literally lined with trenches protected in the front by barbed wire entanglements. I stood in protection of the high walls of German trenches while shells screamed overhead and I saw men fall. Strict orders had been given the troops that none in the trenches must look around when a comrade falls, even though he be a man who stood at one's right hand. As the battle began, I saw Red Cross men erect field hospitals, hardly a mile from the front. I saw wounded men rushed to these hospitals and given first aid. These portable hospitals are typical of the wonderful German efficiency.

Altogether I spent eight days with the Germans and Austrians in the French battle lines. Then from His Excellency, Field Marshall Von Schleyer, I secured permission to go to the Galician battle lines. En route I stopped at Vienna, where I saw train loads of wounded coming in from the battle fields. The moment these wounded arrive, nurses are at hand to attend to them. German and Austrian soldiers are considered as one, both common defenders of the Teuton empires. I saw wounded placed in street cars and transported to the various hospitals in Vienna, Vienna the city famous for its wonderful medical colleges where hundreds of Americans have gone to study. I was at Tarnow when the Teutons broke through the Russian lines. I was at Tarnow where German and Austrian machine gun batteries were strikingly effective. Each of these machine guns had a capacity of 600 shots a minute. During the battle I stood in trenches which the Teuton troops had occupied for three to five months. At length the Germans and Austrians were victorious and the Russians were forced out of Tarnow and toward Jaroslaw. The Teutons advanced, taking with them their heavy 30 centimeter guns which are drawn by 200 horse power tractors. The guns themselves are mounted on caterpillar wheels. I accompanied the Austro-German army on a wonderful advance of 125 miles, the distance from Tarnow to Przemysl. This area was covered in twelve days, which is nothing short of remarkable. I was with the Teuton armies when they marched into the famous Austrian fortress Przemysl. The fortress which only a few weeks before had fallen to the Russians.

The German-Austro forces advanced upon the trenches at Przemysl so quickly that the Russians had no time to save their guns nor ammunition, so the advancing Germans reached a rich harvest. The retreating Russians blew up the bridges after crossing the river San. The Germans then built two bridges and crossed in pursuit. I watched the erection of a bridge, which was completed in one hour and forty minutes from the time when work was started. Then the Teuton troops marched on Lemberg.

After the entering of the Teutons into Lemberg, I left and went to the Italian frontier, stopping first at Trentino an important city of the Austrian border of the Tyrolean Alps. German troops were marching through the mountains to the Italian front. Never in my life have I seen such beautiful scenery as that through which the soldiers passed. I stood by when Captain Steiner, an aviator, undertook to sail his areoplane over the Alps and drop bombs upon the Italians. He left amid cheers. He never returned. At Trentino, His Excellency Field Marshal Von Horak, was in charge of the Austro-German Army of 50,000 soldiers. It was the duty of these men to stop the invading Italians. It is impossible for one to realize the difficulties at which these soldiers are confronted for the rugged heights of the Tyrolean Alps are well nigh impregnable.

For several days I stayed in and near Trentino. Then the horrors of war had become indelibly inscribed in my memory. I left for Copenhagen, Denmark, from where I sailed to America inexpressibly glad to return to 'The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave'.

FIVE reels of sensational motion pictures taken by Edwin F. Weigle, staff photographer of The Tribune, on Russian, Italian and French frontiers.

By special agreement one-half of the proceeds of these wonderful pictures will be donated to the fund for blinded and crippled soldiers.

It was Mr. Weigle who took the famous Tribune Belgian war pictures, which created much comment everywhere. In the taking of these new films, Mr. Weigle has eclipsed his former achievement. These striking pictures show conditions on the frontiers—conditions as they actually exist—for the camera cannot lie.

These pictures come close on the heels of news dispatches. They show in vivid detail features of a military campaign more vast than that waged in the same territory, by the once mighty Napoleon. On the inside of this herald read the story of the films and how they were taken, as related by Mr. Weigle, who saw with his own eyes, the huge spectacle which is presented to the world by these motion pictures.